

Athenian News:

O R,

Dunton's Oracle.

From Tuesday August the 1st, to Saturday August the 5th, 1710.

The Pillory: Or, Pelting-Post.

CO'ud I in high Pindarick Strains set forth,
Illustrious Pill'ry, thy intrinsick Worth ;
Then, then my lofty soaring Muse shou'd sing
Thy Fame immortal, and her Offspring bring,
To thee for Approbation, muckle mighty King.

But I, alas ! fall short ; besides, I say, this chiming Stile may be look'd on (by some *invidiuous D—l o'er Lincoln*) as a Gloss to set off the Subject ; wherefore as a Proof that *Good Wine needs no Bush*, I shall proceed in plain down right Prose : Why then, as the saying is, Gentlemen, Flattery I abhor, and *D'y'e see me, good People*, I look on the substantial Truth of this Panigyrick, and the avoiding all fulsome Hyperboles, and the like ; I look on this, I say, to be its chiefest Beauty, my Friends : When *Parmenio*, that stupid headed Fellow, cou'd not find Truth enough in *Alexander's Story* to make him an Hero, without his nauseous Falsities ; the King thought his Book well merited the Place he gave it : But thou, Superior Hero ! *Illustrious Pelting-Post* ! With what Justice mightest thou send both Book and Authors to the Bottom of the Sea, that should offer any such thing to thy *Gravity*, but there's no great Danger of this, for no Pen can out-go thy real Praises : No, there can be no Flattery used in treating of thee, *Thou venerable corrective Parent of that Order of Men among us who prepare the Staff of Life* ; thy Merits call for our Veneration : Shall I consider thee then most venerable dread *Pelting-Post*, with Respect to thy *Antiquity, Form, Retinue, or Utility* ; in each of these Respects so venerable ? First then as to thy *Antiquity* ; 'Tis plain the ancient Heathen Britains rank'd thee in the List of their Gods) it may be the mighty *Wooden*) whence else have we

that ancient (tho' now indeed somewhat superstitious) Custom of offering up unto thy *Woodeness* all such Relicts of the vegetable and animal World as the Market can best spare, more especially the *inferior Part of Vegetatives*, such as *Cabbage, Colliflower, and Artichoak-Stalks*, and the interior of *Animals*, as *Guts and Garbridge, &c.* All which thou hast a much better and less disputable Title to, than *Perkin's* to an English Turnip ; nay, thou hast an immediate hereditary Right to all half-hatched *Demi-Animal'd ovarious Matter*, from thy Fore-fathers, who have ever had the like, Time out of Mind, in right Male Line down to thee, *Illustrious Relict of the ancient Family of the Pillories*.

So much for thy *Antiquity*, to proceed then to thy *Form*, (which has so often with less Detriment to their Sculls, stir'd up the Hearts of bigotted Romans to a higher Pitch of their Devotions, than ever the Apurtenances of the renowned *Mill-Post*, were ever known to do) How much more litterally, those Gentlemen that ascend thy *Horifick Tree*, may be said to take up their Cross, than the honest Fellow that hoisted up his *Matrimonial Clog* at his Back, I leave to the Determination of every impartial Judgment : As to the wonderful Strength of thy *mighty Fabrick*, all that the ingenious *Hudibras* has said of thy Cousin-Germain the *Stocks*, (whose Superior thou art, by as much as the *Head* is superior to the *Foot*) All, I say, with as much Truth may be said of thee, as thus,

————— In all thy Fabrick,
One cannot see one Stone nor a Brick ;
But all of Wood by powerful Spell,
Of Magic made impregnable ;
There's neither Iron Bar nor Gate,
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt nor Grate.

And

*And yet Men Durance there abide,
In Prison scarce six Inches wide.—*

In Circle magical confin'd,
With Wall of subtle Air and Wind;
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by Head of Burrough:

Much more, *wondrous Limbo*, might be said of thy Form and Impregnability; but to proceed to thy *Retinue*, in which thou art no less Venerable than in Form or Antiquity; for, O ye the Admirers of Pomp, and Inventors of Triumphant Marches, and August Conventions, wherein can you add to the Solemnity of an Assembly consisting of the whole Body of the Commonalty both in their Representative and Collective Capacities; the right Worshipful the Constables, and other such like Representative Officers, more immediately attending on thee as a Life-Guard to thy Person, whilst the *Collective the Mob*, in general, offer up thy Dues unto thee, and to him whom thou art pleas'd to *exalt above his Brethren*; and as at the Coronation of an Emperor, so at thy August Appearance *the Streets are strew'd with golden Medals*; may be this may appear at first Sight, to be altogether new, but I doubt not in the least but to evince it beyond all Contradiction, and that too, not by common fallible Appearances, but by Arguments, next in Stability to *Mathematical Demonstrations*. Hear then ye Patrons of Logick, hear and wonder; no one, I conceive, will contradict me, when I call the *brightest Gold, sordid Dirt; ergo, vice versa*, Kennel-Dirt is burnish'd Gold: Methinks now I see you all in Rapture, at the firm Establishment of so solid, so eternal an Argument.

But, lastly, as to thy *Utility*; I shall treat chiefly of it with Respect to thy unparalleld *Equity*, and utter *Detestation of Vice* in thy publick and Exemplary Charity in thy private Circumstances, &c. In thy *publick Capacity*, there are three Virtues predominant, which among thy innumerable other good Qualities, shine with a more than ordinary Lustre. Such is thy *Great Justice* in exposing to all the World such as deserve thy Censure (literally exposing Malefactors and their ugly Phizés to the Publick:) now it is well known, that in all Ages, Governments and Constitutions whatsoever, this was always accounted a mighty Discourtenancer of Vice in general. And secondly, in inflicting corporal Punishments on Offenders; this appears Matter of Fact, to any one that has been once Spectator of the shrew'd Knocks which at-

tend those Gentlemen, as well from prohibited Stones, as tolerated rotten Eggs; and as all Punishments are design'd rather to prevent future, than revenge past Misdemeanors; so thou, *O strict Britanick Censor*; (asking Esq; Bickerstaff's Pardon) not only correctest past, but preventest the like Offence, by holding the Hands of Criminals (whilst under thy Tuition) from all Villanies in general; herein, *thrice illustrious Pelting-Post*, thou out-viest the most careful and most austere Magistrate, nay, the most arbitrary Monarch on Earth.—Now, how great and worthy an Example of Charity thou art in thy private Capacity, I appeal to the whole World, from the following Narration.—*Goody Toddy*, an old pap-mouth'd Higgler, in the County of *Essex*, too inadvertently ventur'd all her little Stock at once on a choice Bargain of Turkey, Goose and Hen Eggs; infinitely pleas'd at the Suitableness of her Parcel (which by the by must needs add to her Affliction afterwards:) In her Journey to the Market, thro' her Mismanagement (and what Mortal is that who does not mismanage at one Time or other, *Nemo Mortaliū omnibus, &c.*) thro' her exposing them too much to the Sun, the slimy Substance of the Eggs began to change its Nature, or in down right English, were all addled. Under this heavy Weight of Affliction, the good Wife desperately resolves rather to swing under the Market-House, than hear her little Grand-Children cry at Home for Bread; here in good Time mercifully steps in the charitable *Pelting-Post* to her unexpressible Joy and Assistance, procures her Chaps for her Eggs, and consequently Food for her Family, relieves the Widow and Fatherless, and turns their weeping and wailing into Mirth and Jubilee; All these good Qualities are the Talents of the *Worshipful the Pillory*. But (and shew me ought incapable of a but) But I say, notwithstanding all these great and *heroick Qualities and Actions*, there is one thing which will be an eternal Blot in the Scutcheon of the three round o O o's crest; wou'd any one believe that the renown'd *Pelting-Post* should so debase himself, so *unpillory* himself, as I may say, as to condescend after having kept Company with the nimble Finger'd the *Pick-Pockets*, the right mimicking, the *Forgers*, and such like good Fellows, to be seen in Company with that eternal Scribler, the sneaking, base, rascally *D—D—F* *, a so much

* See my Reason for this Character in Dunton's Oracle. Numb. 7.

fitter Companion for the *Hanging-Post*. O! Pillory, Pillory, *pudit hac oprobria tibi*. Both for thy own as well as thy notable Predecessors sakes, never permit so scandalous a Coxcomb to wear thy primitive *Capacious Band*, but rather prepare for him after the Manner of the wicked a *twistea new fashien'd Neckcloath*; a Pillory is known by his Company, and as thou regardest the Reputation of thy Noble Family, renew thy Correspondence with the honest *Legerde main turn Scale Bakers*, and lay aside this Companion, whose Company is inconsistent with the Honour of the Pillory. For my Part, I cou'd have found in my Heart to have writ a Satyr instead of a Panigyrick on this reverend Machine, were I not perswaded that this Action I just now mention'd, is capable of a double Construction, for it may be this was only designed as an Act of Self-Mortification, and grand Humility, and as such I take it, *Nam omnia in melius Interpretanda*.

The Rhiming-Post continued.

Or, more Poems on any Subject desired.

The Virgin's Dream: Address'd to Sabina.

By Philaret.

I.

Y OU say you never think of Love,
Or know not what it is;
Nor never had Desires to prove
The Sweetness of the Bliss.

II.

'Tis true, you say't, and we believe,
However strange it seems,
You may not wish, but pray forgive,
If we mistrust your *Dreams*.

III.

In Sleep your Prejudice is gone,
And nothing sow'r's the Mind,
Your Wishes then apace come on,
And force you to be kind.

IV.

The Angels who your Slumbers guard,
Your tender Breast inspire
With Love, and sing the dear Reward
Of every soft Desire.

V.

But when you wake 'tis all forgot,
The Vision flies away;
And in the Night what Power it got,
It loses in the Day.

VI.

Your Kindness is to Shades confin'd,
And dies before the Light;
By Day, *Sabina*, then be kind,
Or be it ever *Night*.

The Tunbridge-Beauty: Or, the Picture of Madam S—

P Ainter, I have often seen,
What a Flatterer thou hast been.
Take thy Pencil now and shew,
What thy Art with Truth can do;
Paint me with the nicest Care,
One that's young and wondrous fair,
Paint *Cleonta's Mein and Air*:
On her Eyes employ thy Skill,
Make 'em Kind, but make 'em Kill;
Make 'em soft, and make 'em bright;
Let 'em, like her own, delight,
Draw her Forehead, then her Nose,
All that's Beautiful suppose,
Made for Love and Lovers Blisses,
Cheeks and Lips design'd for Kisses,
Lips so red, and Teeth so white;
Fancy cannot do her right:
Such a white and such a red,
Never can be thought or said;
All thy Colours will not do,
Search abroad and seek for new.



See

See if Nature can supply,
Colours of so fine a dye ;
Draw her Neck, and then her Breast,
Draw---What must not be exprest.
Charm me with her Shape and Skin,
Let her be all o'er Divine,
In her Picture let her see,
What she still denies to me,
Make her smile and she will own,
Naught so hateful as a Frown.

The Quack-Doctor.

1.

GOOD Friends, I have brought
For the Price of a Groat,
These Things that will cure all Diseases :
A *Scar-Cloth* for th' *Gout*,
You can't be without,
So surely and safely it eases.

2.

Here's my Pills for the *Pox*,
Hard Bruises and Knocks,
Both inward and outward they cure it :
The *Megrime* and *Cholick*,
Swounds, *Fits*, *Melancholick*,
They drive away strait I'll assure it.

3.

Here's an *Amulet* charms
Away all Sorts of Harms,
If you'll but vouchsafe for to wear it ;
It gives *Virtue* and *Grace*,
And *A Beautiful Face*
To all those who are pleased to bear it.

4.

I can say for my *Powder*,
All Wounds it will souder,
Tho' ne'er so Inveterate or Filthy,
If Outwards apply'd,
But if Inwardly try'd,
It makes the whole Body be healthy.

5.

My *Balsom* is good
For contagious Blood ;
Helps *Burns*, *Sorbs*, *Itch*, and *King-evil* ;
Takes *Warts* off, and *Corns*,
Pulls out *Briars* and *Thorns*,
Tho' to smell to, it stinks like the Devil.

6.

And last I present ye,
In hopes 'twill content ye,
An Excellent Bottle of *Claris*,
Stops Blood in a Minute,
• Or else the De'l's in it,
I'm sure it hath done it at *Paris*.

The T R O P H Y.

NOW, now, my Hearts my own again,
The Vict'ry's won, no more I'll grieve
My Mind's at Peace, 'tis eas'd of Pain,
And now I shall with Pleasure live.
Lovers from your IDOL fly,
He's the common ENEMY ;
Let him flatter, let him smile,
All his Drifts are to beguile ;
His Poison he distills,
By cunning ARTS,
Into our HEARTS,
And then with torment kills ;
Trust not his deluding FACE,
Dang'rous is his kind Embrace ;
Believe not what you hear or see,
For He's made up of TREACHERY ;
Nor be by Tricks into his Ambush charm'd,
The more He naked seems, the more He's arm'd.

The Disappointed Bridegroom: Or, a Satyr on Fruition.

Fruition is at best but short,
A silly fulsom fleeting Sport,
Which when we've perfectly enjoy'd,
We'er quickly weary, quickly cloy'd ;
Let's then no more pollute our Breasts,
With Fires becoming only Beasts,
Or rush on Pleasures, which when known,
We wish it never had been done :
But thus, Oh ! thus let's lie and kiss,
Eternity away in Bliss,
No Trouble here, or Pain you'll find,
Nor need you blush for being kind ;
These Raptures, Cloe, never cease,
They please us now, and still will please,
They ne'er decay as others do,
But thus, Oh ! Thus are always new.

A Complement to Philomela.

I'LL tell you how the Rose did first grow red,
And whence the Lilly's Whiteness borrow-
(ed.)
You blush'd, and streight the Rose with Red was
(dight,)
The Lillies kiss'd your Hands and so grew white,
You have the native Colour, these the die,
And only flourish in your Livery :
Before that Time each Rose was but one Stain,
The Lilly nought but Paleness did contain.